HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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N. P. ROGERS, Editor;

☞ To whom all communications relating to the editorial department should be addressed.

JOHN R. FRENCH, Publishing Agent;

☞ To whom all remittances are to be made, and all letters addressed, relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper.

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JOHN R. FRENCH, PRINTER.

Communications.

EXETER, April 23, 1843

Dear Sir: Having read a few numbers of the Herald of Freedom, I take the liberty, although a stranger to you, to say that I believe that most that I have seen in the Herald in regard to the corruption of the church generally, is true. No abolitionist will deny but the church (North as well as South) is verily guilty of the blood of our African brethren. I do not myself believe that it is consistent for an abolitionist to remain a single day connected with any church which in any way countenances or fellowships slaveholders. Yet I cannot believe that the cause of pure religion and rational liberty can be promoted by striking against all human government and all church organizations, the institution of the holy Sabbath, &c.

I admire your boldness in the anti-slavery cause, and do really hope that your future course will be such that your paper may be an efficient agent in bringing about the great and glorious cause of universal emancipation from every species of slavery and tyranny. Although I am free to admit that our government is tyrannical and most of our church organizations corrupt, yet that does not prove that all human government should be dispensed with, or that there cannot be a church organized on righteous and scripture principles.(1) There are already several sects who are entirely free from the damning sin of slavery.(2) Is it just to condemn the righteous with the wicked? One can never expect perfection in human government whether civil or ecclesiastical, until that great day shall arrive which some of our brethren are expecting the present year. Although I do believe it to be our duty and privilege to be perfect *christians*, yet we shall never in this state of existence be free from imperfections in knowledge or judgment.(3) I believe that the pure principles of the gospel of Christ are as averse to slavery and every species of tyranny, as heaven is to hell; and that there can be no more fellowship between christians and slaveholders or their apologists than there is between Christ and Belial.(4) But let us be careful, while battling against slavery, that we do not demolish any of the holy institutions of the Bible;(5) let us remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy,(6) and strive to conform to all other commands of God and remember to

"Hate the sin with all our heart,
But still the sinners love."

Hoping that the time will soon come when all who are opposed to the soul-damning and God-dishonoring sin of slavery and war(7) may be united as the heart of one man, I subscribe myself

Your friend,
JOHN SHAW.

P. S. I have written this not from any unfriendly feelings, but from an anxious desire to see all abolitionists unitedly engaged in the overthrow of the abominable system of slavery, with all its attendant vices. I am well aware that the love of sect, and the desire of popularity, are now the principal support of slavery in the churches, and therefore it is impossible to hit the vile monster without attacking those his strong holds. I no more believe that any man can be a christian while he opposes the anti-slavery cause than I believe that Beelzebub is a christian. Yet I do believe that it is possible that a church might be organized on pure anti-slavery principles, which might promote the cause of pure religion; and that a government might be so administered as greatly to advance the happiness of all the inhabitants.(8) J. S.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

(1) As an abolitionist I am against using what is called human government to abolish slavery—because the anti-slavery reform is a moral one, and physical violence is unadapted to promote it—is in fact, itself, an immorality. "That most of our church organizations are corrupt does not," indeed, as our correspondent says, "prove that there cannot be a church organized on righteous principles. I do not resort to that fact as proof of it. There is higher evidence and abundance of it, at hand. The American church fellowships and fosters slavery. That is enough to call down on that church the denunciation of the abolitionist. It fellowships and sustains the mischief he is laboring to abolish. It saves it from his blows. Slavery is safe under its sacred Ægis. That Ægis, being sacred, must not be pierced, and so slavery is safe behind it. I deny its sacredness, and would thrust my spear through it at the dragon—and it is a dragon shield, that protects so dragon a monster. And I rejoice on striking at the old buckler that it is not mail of heavenly temper—but is earthwrought, and will give way before an honest blow. Folks might govern one another forever, for me, and might incorporate their religion, and manage it as they do their banks and insurance companies, but when they oppose their corporations to anti slavery, and claim sacredness for them, I will strip them of it, if it is assumed, that is, if I can. I will not allow the sacredness or the righteousness of institutions, that countenance slaveholding.

(2) Is there a single sect, that does not recognize as *Christian* the pro slavery churches of the North! Is there a church that will disfellowship *pro-slavery* churches? Is there a sect of them all that will fellowship or tolerate the anti-slavery movement? Not one, that I know of; and all their disclaimers of slavery are but in their own defence, and are made to deceive.

(3) Does friend Shaw regard sustaining the slave system of the country, a trait of the "perfect christian," or as a mere "imperfection in *knowledge* and *judgment*?"

(4) The churches are almost entirely made up of "slaveholders" (owners) or "their apologists" and backers.

(5) If the Bible have instituted a slaveholding institution, I cannot be careful, on that account, that I do not demolish it. Let those who would maintain the sacredness of the Bible be careful not to load it with the imputation of slavery. But the gospel of Christ has no toleration for sectarian church organization, any more than it would have for a religious town or county, as such, with their catalogue of officials.

(6) Why does friend Shaw wish as an abolitionist, to sustain the holiness of a day, which is made, more than almost every thing else, to oppress and prostrate the anti-slavery cause? The New Testament forbids to do it, and the Old allowed nobody to observe its 7th day Sabbath, but the Jew and the stranger within his gate. Christianity never thought of having a Sabbath, any more than an Inquisition. When will our Bible-worshipping friends dare read it. It warrants scarcely any of their religious institutions. But they do not know this, and never can know—as they are at present—what it does warrant—or what not.

(7) Friend Shaw should not denounce "war," for it is the life and breath of *human government*. War is government's only sanction—its only instrumentality, and its only safety. A government without the sword is a ship witthout mast or rigging. It is no government at all—any more than a naked opinion is a law. People are a good deal confused and entangled in their half-christian notions of war and government. They must prepare to go all lengths in principle, or they had better talk little. Friend Shaw's letter is a very good natured one, and he will take all I say in the same spirit of his.

(8) I will only say that with God all things are possible." And so long as friend Shaw claims only *possibility* for the righteousness of his favorite institutions, I will not *now* quarrel with his claim.

The Teachings of the Pulpit.

No. Attleborough, Mass, May 10th, 1843.

Br. Rogers: I have long since ceased to admire, or attend regularly on the teachings of the pulpit. I regard the position of its occupant as a pernicious and wicked one. But I am often told that we are too severe upon the clergy,—that the churches in this region would not be guilty of such disgraceful drag-outs, and imprisonments as their brethren are in Essex County. How this is, I don't know, therefore, I'll not accuse them; but one thing is certain; that I can never again countenance a meeting of any kind where any one man has the "unlimited freedom" to deal out truth or error just as he pleases and no other one can speak without being subjected to a drag-out, and imprisonment; but I sometimes attend their sermon meetings for curiosity-sake, or for some other purpose. Last Sunday in the afternoon, I went to the Baptist gathering in this place.—The subject of the sermon was, the importance of christians loving one another. The preacher told us of the stripes—the imprisonments—the persecutions &c., of the apostles; and that those days of persecution were past, and we could now promulgate our sentiments with an "almost UNLIMITED FREEDOM."

As the speaker gave utterance to these words I wondered if he ever heard that Elijah P. Lovejoy was persecuted, even unto death for proclaiming his views of christianity; that Amos Dresser was publicly "beaten with many stripes" in the city of Nashville for the same crime; that three of our faithful brethren were sentenced to twelve years hard labor in the State's Prison for practicing what they taught—for helping the fugitive slave. I wondered if he ever heard that his own Baptist brethren in Danvers dragged Thomas P. Beach from their synagogue and confined him in prison for attempting to plead the cause of the slave—that his Baptist brethren in Georgetown imprisoned J. H. Swett for the same crime, and that his Orthodox brethren in West Newbury jailed Richard Hood twenty days for attempting to speak in their free prayer-meeting.

I am sometimes more than half inclined to the opinion that the clergy imagine themselves licensed to lie for "the glory of God, and the upbuilding of the kingdom" of sect.

In speaking to the members of his church he called them "UNDER SHEPHERDS." What kind of a spirit must a man possess, thus to exalt himself above his equal brethren? "He that exalteth himself shall be abased," says Christ—"All ye are brethren." Christ told us nothing about under shepherds, but our Baptist friends have a plenty of "LAY-brethren,"—of "*under shepherds*" at the South. They "*lay*" prostrate, and are trodden in the very dust "*under*" the *Reverend* heels of their brutal masters.

He told us if we thought lightly of a christian brother, Christ would regard it as thinking lightly of himself. If this be true, then to sell, to enslave and to lacerate the body of a christian brother; is to sell, enslave and lacerate the body of Christ. How then does Christ regard the Baptist Church? And shall we look upon her as being less guilty than the wicked Jews who murdered the Saviour?

NOAH JACKMAN.

BRADFORD, Ms., April 23d, 1843.

The First Epistle of Adams to The Come Outers.

Dearly Beloved Br thren: It has been a notorious fact according to history, in all ages of the world,

That the greatest reformers that have come out from what is called ecclesiastical tyranny, opression, &c.,

Have in their turn exercised the same persecuting spirit towards others, who had independence of mind enough to differ from them in matters of Religon.

Whence the Liberty of Speech has been suppressed; banishment, imprisonment and death have ensued; and that text of scripture has been verified, viz., As is the Mother so are the daughters.

Look at the large family of daughters that have been born from that Old Mother of harlots, and then tell if they have not all been baptized with the same persecuting spirit.

The Protestant Church with all their variety of names and forms, would not be a whit behind the Papal church if they could have the sole control of the State Government.

But thanks to God they can only (so far as this country is concerned) gnash their teeth and grin, throw rotten eggs, brick-bats and such like missiles;

Put some in prison as the Devil did in the Apocalypse to be tried and have tribulation ten days.

I do rejoice, yea and will rejoice that I have come out from all church organizations into the glorious liberty of a Freeman.

And moreover I rejoice that hundreds and thousands in our very midst are heeding the sacred injunction. Come ye out of her lest ye be partakers of her plagues. As I am now in the fiftieth year of my age and have been a member of no less than three different churches, viz. Christian, Unitarian and Universalist, I have experienced considerable of the cunning craftiness whereby those that preach for hire, and divine for money, lie in wait to deceive,

These hireling priests exalt themselves above all that is called God, dictating who, when and where people shall speak in the name of the Lord,

And open their mouths and plead the cause of the dumb, the down trodden and oppressed.

But as I concive that the time has fully arrived when the true sons of Freedom ought to obey God rather than man, and cry aloud and spare not, regardless of consequences, counting not their lives dear unto them.

It is but a few months since I have been acquainted with those people denominated Come-outers;

But from the time of my meeting with them in the hall at Danvers, last September, I have admired their order. Righteousness appears to be their aim, and Liberty their motto. Liberty for all to speak, one by one, that all may be edified.

And if any thing be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace, perfectly in accordance with the gospel proclaimed by St. Paul, who said, if we or an angel from heaven preached any other gospel, let him be accursed.

To conclude, suffer a word of exhortation from one who wishes well to the cause of truth. I do fear we have an Achan (Joshua 7th) in our camp, and a Babylonish garment, and for aught I know, there may be a wedge of silver or gold, for I do perceive that money is obtained to employ certain talented lecturers to be mouth unto us, and we the common people must then be swift to hear and slow to speak, and the liberty of speech is in a measure gagged to all others who may feel moved upon to open their mouths, although their hearts may be on fire, and they may feel the word like fire shut up in their bones (1) It is in vain for us to profess to be the friends of liberty and equal rights while in works we deny it. Actions speak louder than words.

One word more, and I have done for this time. There is an exhortation in the New Testament, saying, prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

It is a well known fact when Priest-craft and King-craft reigned predominant, that certain books were prohibited by law, and the common people were prevented from reading them, lest they should get enlightened. What then; why then the craft of an unholy, bigoted priesthood would be in danger. When I see my brother Come-outers when met together for the purpose of free discussion, seize and wrest liberal publications from people assembled, not willing that they should hear both sides of the question.—Methinks there is death in the pot, and that we cannot prosper until we get rid of the accursed thing. Amen.

Brother Rogers, if you will give this a place in your Herald you will oblige your friend, and I think will aid to subserve the cause of liberty.

ISAAC ADAMS,
of East Bradford, Mass.

(1) Speak out, friend Adams, nobody of the old organized abolitionists will harm you for it. Their being (*part*) paid, or supported, for their agencies, will not debar your freedom of speech. It is the genius of Old Anti-Slavery to respect the right of the humblest. Some of us forget ourselves once in a while, and fall into our old born and bred habits, and get impatient at *eccentric* free speech. But all is meant well, and will come out well.—ED'R.

Hancock, April 30th, 1843.

Brother Rogers: I have a brother in law by the name of Daniel Knight, who resides in western N. York. He is brother to Samuel Knight, who helped Nathaniel Dow drag Daniel Wood, 2d and Milton Hills out of the church meeting last winter. I send him occasionally a Herald of Freedom, whereby he gets some idea of things this way. He seems, however, to have made some mistake—he seems to think that we who have been censured by the Church have had *no opportunity* to speak in our defence before the Church, which is not correct.—We had *some* opportunity, though it was very *limited*. He has written me a letter which I shall take the liberty to write an extract from, and you will do as you think best about publishing it in your truth telling little Herald. I should like to have the people here know what folks in western New York think of drag-outs. He writes,—"It is from the Herald of Freedom published at Concord, N. H., I learn that the Congregational Church of Hancock have been guilty of very *uncivil, unbrotherly, shameful* and *outrageous conduct* in censuring their brethren for going to hear a man vindicate the inalienable *rights* of all men; and then denying them the rightful privilege of making any defence or reply to these censures and charges; and by finally *dragging* them out of a regular church meeting held on their account, because they persisted in their right of being heard by the Church in replying to aforesaid charges and censures, in their own defence!!! This is truly a *singular mode* of settling church difficulties, and I must take the liberty to make a few remarks and raise a few queries on the subject to illustrate this new and summary way of dealing with their offending brethren. A Lowell, Mass. paper says that "all men are endowed with certain inlienable rights—except *poor men*; all men who do not pay their honest debts are very great scamps—except those who cheat on a large scale. All men are born free and equal—except negroes. All men are great sinners—except those who belong to the church. All men are allowed to think and act freely—except those who work for a living; and all well dressed and accomplished women are ladies—except factory girls." This, I suppose to be a sort of Loco Foco bill of rights; and it is perhaps the one which the Pope of Hancock and his Congregational church subscribe to. But I wish to inform his Holiness, the Reverend Mr. Burgess of Hancock, and his pharisaical church, that the constitution of these United States, and the gospel of Jesus Christ lay down broader and more extensive rules of right and duty than the Loco Foco creed above mentioned. Our Constitutional bill of rights declares that *all* men, negroes and all are born free and equal; and have certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But his Holiness, the Pope of Hancock, and his ungodly church practically declare the doctrine of the equal rights of man, to be a heresy that must not be tolerated in their pagan church; and they censure and *church-maul* their brethren for going to hear it, and by so doing they violate and infringe upon the constitutional rights of their fellow men. The Gospel of our Lord teaches us to love God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves—to love one another, and even to love our enemies; and to do as we would be done by in all things. Now I would ask, did his Rev. Holiness, and his unchristian church really love those offending members, as they love themselves, when they censured and reprimanded them in their repeated letters of admonition for going to hear a Christian lecturer explain and illustrate the rights of his fellow man. And did they show forth their love and good will to the offending ones in genuine christian way and manner, when they refused them the usual privilege of being heard in their own defence?—And again, did they do to those offenders as they would wish to be done by, in forcibly dragging them out of the synagogue, because they persisted in their legal and just rights of having a hearing? And was this, in fact, a christian way to convince their brethren of error, and reclaim them back to love and righteousness again, by force and violence to thrust them out of doors? The gospel teaches that love is the fulfilling of the law, and that where there is love there is liberty; but these brethren who were charged with the awful crime of hearing an anti-slavery lecture, could not have liberty to reply to the charge or speak in their own justification. Here was neither love nor liberty; but hatred and ill will shone conspicously in the whole transaction; for the Hancock church Pope, said in his wrath, "I wont hear you; and the church shan't hear you;" and his word seemed to be law and gospel too, in the Hancock church. What a holy and sanctified appearance his Reverend Holiness must have made, religously presiding over that far famed church meeting while his zealous Church worthies were piously dragging their own church members out of the meeting-house into the street! And what a rich treat this ludicrous scene must have been for a caricature painter to display his art and ingenuity upon; this was popery and heathenism in very deed; the Lynch Law of the church; the Rev. Mr. Burgess is in practice a Pope; and his outrageous flock are truly a pagan church! Darkness covers this Hancock church, and thick darkness their popish priest! To all those of you who possess any moral honesty or Christian principle, any love to God or any regard for the equal rights of man, I say separate yourselves from the Congregational Church of Hancock.—By all that is holy and sacred come out of this wicked church, lest ye become partakers in her sins, and be made to receive of her plagues. Yes, I say withdraw all connexion from this unchristian church, and all support from his Holiness its unholy pastor; and leave him to live upon his own resources, for he is now eating out your substance, and taking the products of your labor for that which is not bread. Leave him to the self-righteousness of his own proud heart, and to the bigotry and intolerance of his narrow mind, and give him over to the buffetings of Satan, for the destruction of his fleshy lustings after power and rule, and riches, that his spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. To those who have been censured and tyranized over by this haughty Pope and his pagan Church, I would kindly say, that the gospel injunction is, "love your enemies and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you;" you must consider that Churches as well as other associations are apt to grow corrupt when they become popular and powerful. And that the church of Hancock is far advanced in years as well as iniquity. She appears to be a very weak and nervous old lady at best; and your leaving her altar and her worship on the Lord's day to hear the rights of man discussed, probably gave her the *night-mare!* Do not be startled or laugh at this idea, for the night mare of the church is no laughing matter. The night-mare is a morbid oppression of the breast, or a seeming confinement across the body and breast in our sleep. It is very oppressive and burdensome to those who have it; and it is thought that some die of it.—And so far as I can learn from the Herald of Freedom, your Hancock Church has long been troubled with this terrible disorder; and her convulsive struggles to free herself from the night mare must have thrown her into *hysterics;* or she never would have dragged her own Church brethren out of the sanctuary into the street. Now I would earnestly recommend that our missionaries be immediately called home from Burampooter, to civilize the Rev. Mr. Burgess and his Congregational Church, and to convert them to Christianity. For this poor debilitated, sickly Church of Hancock will die if she don't get relief soon; and the gospel is the only remedy that can save her from dissolution, and she is so crazy and insane, I have my fears that even the gospel will not opperate upon her so as to effect a cure.

I have now examined the symptoms of this declining Church so far as I can learn them from the Herald of Freedom, and I am satisfied that she has had what we here call the *night-mare* of the Church and hysteric fits. And I think that all who are acquainted with the intolerance of this Church Pope, and the outrageous violence of his church members, will be disposed to admit all that I have contended for in this epistle.

May the Lord in his mercy bring this priest and church to see the error of their ways, and

convert them to the rules of common decency, and the practice of Christianity.

Yours in health,
DAVID KNIGHT.

To Thomas Boutelle.
Westfield, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

Herald of Freedom.

CONCORD:

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 19, 1843.

"Line upon Line, Precept upon Precept," &c.

It will take an age of dinning repetition, to familiarize the ear and the mind of the people, to the proud and tyrant assumptions of their clergy, and before they shall have become free to consider them—or even sensible of their existence.—One of the fattest, haughtiest, grossest of the New-England Popery, is Archibald Burgess of Hancock. There seems no humanity left in him. He appears totally abandoned and given over to priestly despotism and clerical pomposity. He cuts thicker through the waist than any two of our Concord Divinity,—and in bowels of compassion he is as eminently lacking, as he abounds in other sorts of that most humane and spiritual distinction. The anti-slavery movement and the Herald of Freedom have experienced signal spite at his hands. A piece of his pastoral doings has fallen into my hands, with request that it should receive some notice. I am weary of touching their dirty, priestly papers. It is loathsome and mortifying. I can not repress my indignation at it. I see the insolent tyranny running through it, that has cost such suffering in the human family in past ages, and which is now no better than the suppressed spirit of murder, hesitating whether to venture out in bloody per-secution.

Mrs. Milton Hills, to whom this letter below is addressed, is as exemplary a woman as any in Hancock or elsewhere. She went one Sunday to hear Henry C. Wright without this Reverend Falstaff's leave. And for that, she has to undergo this "church mauling," as Daniel Knight roughly calls it. It is harmless mauling now, comparatively. It does not directly endanger life or limb. But it seriously endangers the means whereby folks live—these affrighted and enraged bigots leaving no stone unturned, to compass the temporal ruin of those who dare break their traces.

Mrs. Hills was accused of *two* things.—1st, Absenting herself from communion and worship. 2d, Going (at same time) to hear Henry C. Wright lecture. She wrote a letter of justification to the Church, and sent it to be read by her husband, a member, I believe. He commenced reading it in the meeting, and was haughtily forbidden, I understand, by this Reverend Autocrat, because it was *not sent in through the pastor!* Yet he commences with a denial of it. Hear him.

The Cong. Ch. in Hancock, to Mrs. Milton Hills.

To the charges preferred against you, you have made no reply. The truth of the charges, it is presumed, you do not deny. Your offence was open, before the world.(1) You have once been admonished by letter by your brethren, and now we again call your attention to the subject, if so be you may be gained to the truth,(2) and be saved from advancing farther in errors which strike, not only at the very root of piety, but even of morality itself; and could they be carried out, would necessarily result in the wildest anarchy, and that confusion which maketh desolate (3) You may reply, that you are not charged in the complaint with embracing doctrines that lead to such results—but only with an open breach of your covenant with the church. Still it is to be remembered, that you was understood before that time, by common report,(4) to have been very favorably disposed to the doctrines that are concealed(5) unless not included in the proper meaning of the term Non-resistance.(6) Moreover, the sentiments of the man you went to hear were well known,(7) and known to be but little better than the doctrines of the French Revolutionists.(8) It is also believed that you had his published sentiments in your house; if not, your neighborhood could easily have supplied you with them, and they would have given you a clearer view of his sentiments, than you could obtain by hearing him preach;(9) so that if your simple object was to "investigate" his doctrines, you was under no necessity of violating your covenant engagements for that object. It was known in the community that that man had treated, in published documents, the Sabbath and every thing sacred connected with the public worship of God, and the ordinances of the gospel, as well as the church and the ministry, with the ribaldry of a Tom Paine.(10) It seems to us that when you would appear to have us understand that you have committed no serious offence, that either you have not seriously considered the subject, or that you have looked at it through a false medium. We cannot imagine you so ignorant, as to suppose that you should think, that your offence, in our estimation, consisted simply in absence from the communion, and the worship of God with his people that day.(11) Members are often absent and for justifiable reasons. No, it was the circumstances in which you absented yourself that constituted the offence. Had you been sick, or your family, or by any means been prevented from leaving home, or had works of necessity and mercy called you to attend upon others, no offence had existed. Your offence consisted,

First in a designed and voluntary absence from the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and the worship of God with your brethren, where you had voluntarily pledged yourself in the most solemn and sacred manner, in which it is possible for any one in this life, to pledge one's self. (12) And the plea that your were at another meeting, for the purpose of investigating the truth of doctrines which are designed by their authors, to lay the axe at the root of the ministry, the church, and of course, the ordinances of the Christian religion, (13) cannot, surely be a justification in the judgment of any, who have any just views of the nature of your covenant with God and the church. Nor can we believe for a moment, that you can be justified by the Great Head of the Church, or that you will be in the great day of the Lord, when every act will be presented in its true character. Is it an imaginable case, that an intelligent, well educated woman, (14) or indeed, that a person of the most ordinary education, with common sense, and acquainted with the Bible, after having understood the character of H. C. W's doctrines, should need to hear him preach for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of his positions? As well might we suppose that an intelligent person need to thrust his hand into a furnace to ascertain whether fire would burn; or to cast himself into the sea to ascertain whether water would drown. (15) Can it be possible, that you could persuade yourself, that you had need to "investigate" the truth of that man's doctrines, or that you could feel that you was doing right, to leave the communion of the body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, which was given in sacrifice for your sins, to attend upon his ministrations who accounts the Church "a den of theives," (16) and blaspheme the Holy Ghost, (17) by ascribing his work in revivals of religion, (18) to the devil. Revivals of religion in which you yourself were converted, if ever made a child of God. We say, is it possible, that you felt that you needed to investigate, or even to reflect upon them for a moment to ascertain whether they were true or false?

Secondly. Your offence consisted in your absenting yourself from the communion and worship of God with the church, with which you stand connected, in circumstances which very greatly added to the aggravation of the offence, by your countenance given to doctrines the most abhorrent; doctrines that strike at the root of every thing valuable in human society; doctrines, which if carried into effect, would reduce the world to worse than heathenism. Is it replied; can opposition to slavery, opposition to war, not resisting evil have this effect? We say no, (19) and when these things are presented as the peculiarities of the sect that goes under the title of Non-resistance a false view of the subject is presented. Non-resistance is a term chosen in which are included doctrines that have no affinity to the meaning of the term, doctrines designed to break every bond of human society, by doing away every civil regulation; (20) giving every possible facility and encouragement to the commission of every species of wickedness, by taking away every kind and measure of legal restraint. (21) giving loose reins to all the vile passions of the human heart—not even leaving the legal bond of marriage, (22) for Non-resistance is made to include the No government doctrines. Now no process of reasoning can prove, that the removal and legal obligations and restraints would increase the moral power of the virtuously disposed, over the community, (23) and if now, all the moral influence of the virtuously disposed in connexion with the influence of the pains and penalties of law (24) are insufficient to restrain the wicked, it requires but a little reflection and common sense to imagine what would be the state of things were the latter removed. (25)—Moral influence must speedily lose the last particle of its power over men, and that especially, could these miscalled reformers effect their object in regard to the ministry, and the church. (26) We know that you recoil at the thought of having exerted any influence to bring about such a state of things. That you have done it, we have no doubt—and such you must perceive to have been the influence of the course you have pursued—yet we hope without due consideration. (27) and that upon reflection, you will see the evil, repent, and do works meet for repentance—that your brethren may have joy in you as an accepted and devoted member of the household of faith. (28) It is a day of delusions; the public mind thirsts after excitement, and grasps at any thing that may gratify this thirst—and errors the most gross; delusions the most fanatical are eagerly embraced—but certainly there is no delusion more gross—more abhorrent in its character, and the results to which it tends, than Non-resistance with what it is made to include. (29) And when you shall examine the subject dispassionately and prayerfully, such you will perceive it to be, (30) and then you will perceive, that your countenance given to the leaders of this doctrine, or these doctrines, constituted a great aggravation of your breach of covenant. (31) Be persuaded by the love of Christ to pause, and incline your heart to the instructions of the scriptures, (32) lest you be found "giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." Our desire and prayer is that you may be led in the path of truth and righteousness.

Yours in the Gospel,
In behalf of the Church,
A. BURGESS, Pastor.
A true copy attest—
A. BURGESS, Clerk.
Hancock, Feb. 7, 1843.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

(1) That is the aggravation of it. Had it been *secret*, the church and pastor would have cared far less. But the *world* saw her venture away from his priestly guidance—thus dishonoring his Reverence, *before the people*.

(2) See how these *Reverend* teachers *gain* folks to the *truth*.

(3) By bringing Archy Burgess down to the level of poor Mrs. Hills, who lives in a humble house beside the stream, whereas his Reverence dwells in a palace on the Hancock Plain—and grows corpulent and clumsy there in *Reverend* indolence. He is no otherwise to blame for his *adiposity* than as it indicates priestly laziness and animal indulgence. That a professed preacher of the gospel should grow to such grossness, is a bad sign. If the sign is not true however in his case—if he is an industrious man, and works enough at any thing besides Priesthood, to earn his bread, I ask the Reverend brother's pardon, for allusion to his portliness. I have known really industrious men, corpulent, but he looked to me, as he stalked, panting and puffing, by the anti-slavery meeting held out in the *Hancock highway*, to be stalled and pampered, like any wanton monk of the middle ages.

(4) Fine evidence in a church prosecution! What would be said of a Judge in the Court House, who should allude to "common report" in this way. He would be derided by the very hangers-on of the Court. It was *common report*—that she was *understood* to be so and-so. Very conclusive proof of a crime.

(5) If they were *concealed*—and the *common report* was, that she was *understood* to be *favorable* to the *sentiments* they were *concealed under*, why then she was *proved* guilty of any thing the *Reverend* Pastor could spy in that *concealment*, and ought to be sent to Perdition.

(6) This is very ecclesiastical, and must be noticed a little further. Henry C. Wright preached Non-resistance to injuries. Not a very commanding principle, I admit, or quite up to what real humanity requires and involves. But alarming enough to such gross morality as Archibald Burgess'. Mrs. Hills was *understood*, by *common report*, to be favorably inclined to doctrines that *lay out of sight*, under the term Non-resistance. A strong and clear case of guilt! Did friend Burgess *spy* the matters *concealed under* them? I should not think, by his looks and writing, that he could see *visible* things, over and above readily—let alone the *invisible*. But he *sees unseen* things here.

(7) What business is it to you, Reverend Friar, that this woman went to hear a man of "well known" or ill known sentiments? Who made you a censor over her footsteps? Your arrogance is amazing. Your impudence past popery. Your stupidity in writing it, would be glaring and vast—but for the stultifying influences you have exerted over the people, and which have extended over yourselves.

(8) The favorite scare-crow and *humbug-bear* of these lovers of the old Clergy and Tyranny of France. A Papal Priesthood and an iron monarchy, that poor France had groaned under, till she was stark mad. She threw them off with the very weapons these clergy sanction, and when a peaceman, who deprecates them, speaks in favor of human Liberty—these drones cry out, "French Revolution."

(9) Apply this to your own hireling preaching. You profess to preach the gospel of the New-Testament, and hold it essential to your hearers, that they go to hear you, not once, as Mrs. Hills heard Henry Wright—but every Sunday of their lives. Yet they have the Bible—your "published sentiments," (as you *profess*) in their houses—if not, their neighbors could easily supply them." What do you hold, as to the need of feeding you on a perpetual salary—to "proclaim your sentiments?" In defence of you, I will admit that the Bible does *not* contain your sentiments, and that to know them, folks must go and hear you, or some other trained, sectarian performer. All the Bibles in the world would not relieve the people of the necessity of going to meeting to learn *your* theology.

(10) This is gross slander, and impudent, bare faced calumny—as intended by this mad priest. And to charge Henry C. Wright with "ribaldry," is very base.

(11) Yet that was one of the *solemn charges*. It was one thing in their *estimation*, and another on their *paper*. The nature of Priests' charges generally.

(12) That is, with all the oaths and imprecations of awful free masonry. And in breaking these, consists, in Archibald Burgess' morals, the offence of violating duty. Not the wrong of the thing—for there was none in it, but the solemn, sacred vows. Folks better not take these midnight vows and dark oaths upon them. It is very wicked, dangerous and heathenish. Duties are binding enough without, and the better way is to perform these duties and keep clear of vows and oaths.

(13) "Of course." For the corporation and the ministry lay at the bottom of all Burgess' religion. As to "the ordinances of the christian religion"—if christianity can be called a *religion*, when it is a *life*, (which is much higher)—christianity has no "ordinances"—but inner and outer "life and conversation."

(14) A fine subject such, for insolent treatment like this—or for vassalage under a gross, animal priest!

(15) Or go to meeting, to hear Archibald Burgess preach, all his life time, to learn the old, threadbare round of senseless theology.

(16) For the *mere prank* of holding 2,500,000 people in beast slavery!!

(17) By reproving Archibald Burgess!

(18) The Religion, which *enslaves*, as afore said!

(19) You have just said *Yes*. And your "No" is a subterfuge and a falsehood. For against these things and their abettors, only, did Wright preach. And you are in favor of them all.

(20) To wit, the army, navy and the gallows. Very "*civil* regulations."

(21) The only restraints your theology knows, save the fear of Hell.

(22) Wright's notion of marriage is, that it is a divine institution, from which the Legislature has no authority to allow divorce. Burgess' and his brotherhood's, that it is a mere civil contract—of no more obligation than a note of hand (except the sacred mummery shed upon it by a *feed* priest) and from which the Legislature can release any and every body, for any cause they please. Hear him charge Wright with destroying "even the legal bond of marriage." I verily believe these Priests know no other marriage than what is conferred by the form, and are bound to it—so far as they are bound at all—only by the cords of the statute.

(23) How much does the *presence* of those restraints increase the *moral* power of those persons? What has such restraints to do with any body's *moral* power? They are substitutes for moral restraint, and the clergy rely entirely on them, and on fear of the same sort of restraints, to be exercised by God in the coming world, for their own and others' protection. And they rely on the power of the law to repress all vice. They have not the least confidence in the protecting or reforming power of truth. In the Temperance movement, for instance, they rely solely on the License Law, and deride moral suasion, and set it at nought.

(24) Beautifully matched influences these.—They are well illustrated on the banner of the army and navy. An Eagle with an olive branch in one *claw*, and a quiver of arrows in the other. She is thus accoutred, a co-ambassador of the *Reverend* Archibald Burgess. Only his claws have no sprig of olive branch in either of them. Both are full of arrows.

(25) If by the "virtuously disposed," friend Burgess means himself and his brotherhood, woe to society, should they be left without the protection of the civil law. The Religious influences of such men would not have the slightest moral restraint on the community, it left to them alone. And the Law has altogether a harder time of it, with their influence, than without it. They have a tendency to push people to violations of law—although they teach the cunning that evades detection. Inward honesty their influences do not promote, and the morals they engender are but hypocrisy.

(26) If the pulpit and church corporations could be sapped by the power of truth, as well as the gallows and the dungeon, "*moral* influence would" in the opinion of friend B., "lose its last particle of influence over men." There is truly a vast amount of *moral* influence in the four, and as much in the gallows and dungeon as in the other two. There is, in sober truth, no good, moral influence in any of them.

(27) Try now to cajole her back into your meshes. Put on your ecclesiastical bird-lime and catch her, if you can!

(28) This is really the wickedest and most jesuitical of the whole. I can hardly find words to express my abhorrence of it. It is part of the common sorcery of the spiritual serpent, coiling itself around the human spirit.

(29) Why does not friend Burgess honestly say he hates the doctrine of Peace—in and of itself,—as he loves the doctrine of violence and fear, and relies on the strong arm of the law? That non-resistance—or the higher principle of active good will to every body, (which involves non-resistance to evil, or generous and patient submission to it) is right, nobody can deny.—Yet the clergy hate it mortally, and would burn its advocates at the stake if they could. This popish letter is sent to an exemplary young woman, for going away from this tyrant's meeting to hear the doctrine of *forgiveness of injuries*.

(30) Abominable jesuitry and trifling with humanity. Nothing would alarm the Priesthood, like "*dispassionate* examination"—in their dupes. It would dissolve their order into thin air. He puts in the word "dispassionate" as a bait to conceal the clerical hook. Does this forbidding the freedom of hearing—look like favoring "dispassionate examination?"

(31) Her "breach of covenant" was failing to go and hear Burgess snore out one of his fat discourses—on Sunday. If she has covenanted to do that every Sunday, she is a slave and a dupe. I would as soon go and hear a sea-horse snort, as one of these priests twang out their dishonest nonsense. What a breach of covenant this!—And the "aggravation" of it. That was hearing Henry C. Wright preach the duty of forgiving enemies! Dreadful *aggravation!* It is amazing impudence to talk in this way to such a woman as Mrs. Hills. Nobody but a priest would dare do it.

(32) To wit, hear me sermonize and perform every Sunday, and work your fingers off to get money to support me and mine in indolence and gentility. "Be persuaded to do this, by the love of Christ." The priest all the while does not mean, by a horn-full, that Mrs. H. shall read the scriptures for herself, but take his priestly version of them. It would be as much a "breach of covenant" to do her own bible-reading, as to hear Wright preach. And to differ from Burgess' theology, would be as great an "aggravation." It is time that this infamous tyranny should be scouted and trampled on—and the Priests met and exposed to their faces, before all the world.

On the whole, I am scarcely able to treat one of these documents patiently, or courteously.—They don't deserve courtesy—for they are not offered in fair and equal discussion. They are decrees, assuming to be divine. Were it an attempt to convince, or to reason, I would treat it courteously. Were Burgess a *fellow man*, I would treat him as a brother, let his errors be ever so gross. But he is a Priest domineering over humanity. He treats it as a slave. In behalf of outraged nature, I treat him as a tyrant, and will extend no courtesies to him. Courtesies are lost upon a Priest. He don't allow any man's right to be courteous to him. He wants homage and worship, not courtesy, from a layman. Such pretensions against equal humanity deserve the sternest encounter. Patience is well enough, where it can be felt. Where it cannot it is better not to feign it. I have no patience with this hideous tyranny, and I wish none, and will not feign any. Let this tyranny be broken, if possible, by the indignant assaults of the Truth.

Teetotal Meetings.

Efforts have long been making to get up a temperance interest in Concord—and counter efforts have as long kept it down. The attempts have not been *respectable* enough to warrant the co-operation of people of *standing*—especially the steeple-aristocracy. They were started by abolitionists and the reformed drunkards. The latter might have succeeded, had they not tried to put themselves under the lead of the clergy. That lead is fatal to any moral enterprise. Of late some of the leading citizens, have taken the matter up, and sufficient interest is excited to hold sunday meetings. And the interest has become so general, that the Reverend Clergy, the *guardians of* the public *morals*, have been *induced* to come to the meetings, and take conspicuous part.

Meetings are holding at the Old North Meeting House,—which, since theology has abandoned it for a genteeler, modern edifice—open to the Temperance cause—open, I mean to *well regulated* meetings. How long it will keep open, to attempted free meetings, is to be seen. The first held in it was Saturday.—Hardly any body was present. It was said it was a busy day. It was *suggested that* there was a day in the week when *the people* were not busy—about secular affairs. It was their hearing day—and it was respectfully queried, whether the Temperance cause was not holy enough to be advocated on Sunday. The idea was favored by active and influential temperance men—and seemed so unanswerable that the clergy present fell right in with it—to would devote the *evening* "to the good cause heart and hand." The usual hour of the Sunday service was asked, by some who thought more of the temperance movement than of thirteen vice, (or any other)—for the purpose of having the people fresher, and less fatigued—and also to give the cause greater prominency before the people. Foster went so far as to demand the entire day, and predicted a speedy and signal triumph to Temperance, if the Clergy would grant it. It was asking too much in behalf of *humanity*,—which was *postponed*, as usual, to the hour of night—a great deal better, however, than commonly granted. The Clergy did not discourage attendance, and the house was crowded full, early.

Franklin Pierce read a report, in favor of prosecuting the enterprise by *moral suasion alone*. He is a very popular and influential as well as eloquent man. Other popular and influential men, seconded the movement. Friend Cummings, from the Baptist Pulpit, thereupon rose and fell in with it, with both hands. He was opposed to law in all temperance movements he said, and *always had been*—not true, to his certain knowledge—the last clause,—for I had a debate with him, in favor of moral suasion and against prosecutions under the license law since my residence in Concord—at which he stoutly went for the law, and said I might as well say that prosecutions should not be commenced for theft or murder—as for rum-selling &c. Now, he was for moral suasion alone, and *always had been*. But as ill luck would have it, General Low, one of the principal citizens—rose and strongly deprecated this repudiation of law which he was hearing from gentlemen,—and expressed himself decidedly against committing the movement to the non-prosecution policy.—Whereupon friend Cummings rose again, to explain. He was himself in *favor of law*—and was not long ago on a committee to prosecute for breach of the license law,—had gone on and feed a lawyer, and procured testimony, and got well under weigh,—when the matter fell into the hands of the Attorney General—who allowed the culprits to pay the costs, and stopped the proceedings. Then he was opposed to law because it would not do any good. This was quite different ground from the other, and the character of the movement was gone into, to see whether it was to be really a moral movement—repudiating prosecution—or whether it contemplated both moral suasion and law. If had subscribed to it, under the impression that no resort whatever was to be had to prosecution—but that moral means alone were to be tried. It was finally explained in accordance with that idea,—and the meeting wound up with a brief but magnificent appeal from Foster. As to

rose to speak some left their seats, and made for the door, but before they reached it, he got the ear of that vast assembly, and the retreating individuals stopped in mid aisle, and stood suspended there till he closed. He was heard with the deepest interest and approbation. It was too impressive to be applauded,—but was deeply felt. I was glad of it, for it was an introduction to many who would not have dared obtain one otherwise,—of the despised and calumniated Foster. They now heard him themselves—and they will hear the clergy accuse him of madness and profligacy, hereafter, with grains of suspicion.

Friend Dana, a young attorney—who acted as training-sargeant a while ago—in transporting Amos Wood to Hopkinton Jail—had replied early in the meeting, to some remarks of mine in favor of moral suasion. He said if he was of my opinion as to the propriety of legal remedies in *other cases*, he should incline to be in this also,—thus attempting to prejudice my temperance position before the audience, by allying it to "Non-Resistance." It was clearly out of order, but he was on the side of the President, friend Abbott, of the Washingtonian Society, and was allowed to go on uninterrupted. I made a word of reply—and was obliged to say of friend Dana, as he had of me, that were I of *his* opinion as to prosecutions in *other cases*,—I should be in this. I should be for putting down rum-selling by prosecution—if I was for imprisoning people in behalf of the militia. I deprecated going into a consideration of the extraneous topics he had introduced—when the President, with some agitation, *called me to order!*

I had forgotten to mention, that at the first meeting at the old Church, Richard Bradley, Esquire, one of the wealthiest and most respectable citizens, insulted Foster pretty grossly. He appeared quite angry. Foster took no notice of it. Friend Palmer of the Courier—mistook it, (purposely or otherwise)—and gave friend Bradley occasion to explain—which *he did not embrace*—perceiving, probably, that he had very little of the sympathy of the audience. Mr. Bradley is not a church member—but is highly respectable and wealthy, and deeply interested—apparently—for the supremacy of the Clergy and the preservation of formal worship. He was in favor of shutting up the *County Court House*, against our anti-slavery meetings, by the selectmen of the *town*, and said as I understood, that "the abolitionists, who were holding the meetings there, ought to be *kicked out*." If Mr. Bradley were not a *very respectable* and *influential* citizen, I should not take this notice of his conduct and sayings against the abolitionists. He is one of that class of men whom the clergy hold in the highest estimation—far above what they feel for the poor church members,—though they hold, that so long as he declines joining their communion, he is in the broad road to hell. Indeed they actually rate a man in his position, as a child of the devil, and a candidate for perdition,—but then his "respect for religion"—and his *support* of the *gospel*, (which gospel they in vain urge on his acceptance,) render him worthy their special and careful regard—and give him great influence against any movement they oppose.

Last Sunday evening another thronged meeting at the old Church. Friend Ten Broeck of the Episcopal pulpit, was for sticking more closely to the subject of Temperance, and was against the course of debate at the last meeting, and hoped so much would not be said about the mode of carrying on the enterprise.—In reply to him, I disagreed with his opinions of the last meeting—thought it the most interesting and best conducted of any I ever had attended in *that house*,—deprecated any attempt to *confine* speakers who spoke in good faith, and claimed freedom of thought and speech for all, and said if it was not allowed, the meetings could not be kept up, and the movement would fail. Friend Worth of the Baptist Register, made a long speech. I do not remember as he said anything worth repeating. Friend Thomas of the Unitarian pulpit, claimed that the meeting and the movements ought to be called christian, and the cause advocated on *that day*, because it aimed at *saving* the *souls* of men, as well as reforming them; and therefore was christian. Drinking endangered man's *salvation*, he said, and therefore suppressing it was part of Christianity.

Parker Pillsbury agreed fully with friend Thomas, that the movement was part and parcel of Christianity,—but did not feel the *necessity* of its being *proved* or *argued*. According to his idea of Christianity, it was made up entirely of such things as the Temperance and similar reforms. And a religion, that disclaimed them, he had no belief was christian. He was surprised that any one should feel called on to vindicate the claims of the Temperance cause to the name of Christianity.

If it be matter to be proved and argued, he said, we should like to have the people inquire into the cause of the necessity of it. If the doctrines of the sects were held up as christianity—nobody felt called on to proveit. Where the doctrines of *Nipto* and *Bopto*, and *Baptizo*, and the like, are presented, nobody feels obliged to prove that it is christian, but when the example of the good Samaritan is preached, and visiting the widow and the fatherless, it must be apologized for, and made out that it is christian, and entitled to a hearing on Sunday. If it be true of our religion and its preaching, that the Temperance Reform was no part of them, the people ought to know it. He was proceeding, when somebody cried "order." *Richard Bradley, Esquire* also cried "order." The chairman very hastily cried "order, order."—and very *partially*, and *unwarrantably*, as I think. Pillsbury remarked, that if he was out of order, his friend Thomas' eloquent argument must all go for nothing,—and sat down.

Whereupon friend Palmer of the Courier rose and called on "the Reverend Mr. Knight," and hoped we might have some remarks from him,—called him "an old and tried friend of Temperance." By the way he is about as much of a temperance man, as an *abolitionist*. He came forward and told a ditty of what had been going on in Franklin. Well enough, but not very important to the movement. He also took occasion to decry moral suasion, and deride it—and to extol the License Law, and prosecutions under it. It was a good law, he *solemnly* said, "made by the wisdom of the whole State, and therefore must be good and was given us for our protection." Afterwards he stoutly denied saying any thing about the law and moral suasion—and said he had only stated *facts*. Pillsbury replied to his first speech, with a remark or two. He noticed the fact, of persons "set to preach the truth," *deriding its efficacy*, and *advocating resort to law*. He was called to "order," but on pretty sternly admonishing his interrupters that he was not subject to their dictation, they held their peace. I have understood that while I was replying to friend Ten Broeck, Richard Bradley, Esquire, was endeavoring to excite the singers to interrupt me with a tune. They did not gratify him, but heard me through, and struck up just as friend Ten Broeck was attempting to reply to me—and put him down.—That was not what friend Bradley was after. I did not *see* him try to instigate the singers to so gross an impropriety, and if he did not do it, I will publish any denial he may send me.

Friend Palmer rose and said he was not ashamed of the License Law, and pronounced it a righteous one.

Friend Thomas said he did not approve of interrupting our friends who differ from us. If what they said was not true, was there not talent enough in the meeting to put it down by reply? And if it was true, we needed it he said, and the keener it was told the better. Very manfully said.

I asked friend Palmer, for information, if the License Law did not authorize the sale of rum? He replied that it did. Then on what ground, said I, do you call it a *righteous Law?* The audience responded in a way to show what they thought of Temperance *prosecutions*. A gentleman of influence and *prudence* moved an adjournment and the farther discussion was broken off.

I will just warn friend Abbot, that it does not become a Washingtonian, to be the tool of the clergy—or a tool's tool, in trying to put down the fastest friends of the Temperance movement. I also predict that few or no more meetings will be allowed in the Old North House, Sunday evenings.

Spring.

At last it is here in full flush. Winter held on tenaciously and mercilessly—but it has let go. The great sun is high on his northern journey, and the vegetation and the bird-singing, and the loud frog-chorus—the tree budding and blowing are all upon us—and the glorious grass—superbest of earth's garniture—with its ever satisfying green. The king birds have come, and the corn planter—the scolding Bob-a-link. "Plant your corn—plant your corn," says he, as he *scurreys* athwart the ploughed ground—hardly lifting his crank wings to a level with his back, so self important is he in his admonitions. The earlier birds have gone to house keeping, and have disappeared from the spray. There has been brief period for them, this spring, for scarcely has the deep snow gone, but the dark green grass has come, and first we shall know, the ground will be yellow with dandelions.

I incline to thank heaven, this glorious morning of May 16th, for the pleasant home from which we can greet the spring. Hitherto we have had to await it amid a thicket of village houses—low down—close together—and awfully white. For a prospect we had the hinder part of an ugly meeting house—which an enterprising neighbor relieved us of, by planting a dwelling house right before our eyes—(on his own land, and he had a right to,) which relieved us also of all prospect whatever. And the revival spirit of habitation which has come over Concord is clapping up a house between every two in the already crowded town; and the prospect is, it will be soon all buildings. They are constructing in quite good taste though—small, trim, cottage like. But I rather be where I can breathe air, and see beyond my own features, than be smothered among the prettiest houses ever built. We are on the slope of a hill—it is all sand, be sure, on all four sides of us—but the air is free (and the sand too, at times) and our water is a caution to tee-totalers. There is danger of hard drinking to live by it. Air and water, the two necessaries of life, and high, free play ground for the small ones. There is a sand precipice hard by, high enough, were it only rock and overlooked the ocean, to be as sublime as any of the Nahant cliffs. As it is, it is altogether a safer haunt for daring childhood, which could hardly break its neck by a descent of some hundreds of feet.

A low flat lays between us and the town, with its State house, and body guard of well proportioned steeples standing round. It was marshy and wet—but is almost all redeemed by the translation into it of the high hills of sand. It must have been a terrible place for frogs, judging from what remains of it. Bits of water from the springs hard by, lay here and there about the low ground, which are peopled as full of singers as ever the gallery of the old North Meeting house was, and quite as melodious ones. Such performers I never heard, in marsh or pool. They are not the great, stagnant, bull paddocks-fat and coarse-noted like Archibald Burgess—but clear water frogs—green, lively and sweet voiced. I passed their orchestra going home the other evening, with a small lad, and they were at it—all parts—ten thousand peeps—shrill—ear-piercing and incessant—coming up from every quarter—accompanied by a *second*, from some larger swimmer with his trombone—and broken in upon, every now and then, but not discordantly, with the loud, quick *holler*, that resembles the cry of the tree toad.—'There are the Hutchinsons,' cried the lad.—'The Rainers' responded I,—glad to remember enough of my ancient Latin to know that *Rana* or some such sounding word, stood for frog. But it was a "band of music," as the Miller friends say. Like other singers (all but the Hutchinsons) these are apt to sing too much—all the time they are awake—constituting really too much of a good thing. I have wondered if the little reptiles were singing in concert, or whether every one peeped on his own hook, their neighborhood only making it a chorus. I incline to the opinion that they are performing together—that they know the tune and each carries his part—self selected—in free meeting—and therefore never discordant. The *hour* rule of Congress might be useful—though far less needed among the frogs, than among the profane croakers of the fens at Washington.

They will soon disappear—the people are a building—they will soon turn every frog stand into a human habitation, and hide every square yard of surface with a tenement—*built to let*.—I wish the owners would build to live in, and that every poor tenant might turn owner. I hate to see a whole village rented out—with nobody *at home*. But success to the little town—they are as busy as bees—and the noise of the carpenter's hammer, and the clink of the stone cutter are as universal as the frog-peeps. I can't imagine where so many people are coming from—or what they are *coming to*. I am entirely unacquainted with the condition of the business world. But I hope they will all have something to eat, and something honest and useful to earn it at. If they should not, there will be a sorry congregation of the poor people here, by and by. They will be in as bad a box as a pond of frogs with the water drained off, or dried up—or *superseded* by the sand of the house builders. Temperance and industry will get a living almost anywhere—though I would rather get it in country, than in thick settled town. Speaking of temperance, reminds me of the temperance meetings recently held here, of which I ought to give some account—but under a separate head.

I have an answer to friend Palmer's question about the slave trade, and moral suasion—but have no room for it till next week.

I also wanted to give a note of rally in behalf of the grand New-England Anti-Slavery Convention at Boston, on the 23d inst. *It is the most important meeting in the country.* Every body that can be there, ought to be. I mean to, if I can get the means of going. I want to say a whole column about the occasion, but the printer says there is no room. I must *reform* writing these long articles, that take up all our little space.

I wanted also to give credit to the Universalists in Concord for boldly, freely, and wisely recognizing the rights of speech, Sunday before last, when Foster went into their meeting house to speak. They yielded him the whole sermon time, and the minister proffered him the pulpit,—and he well paid the audience for their good sense and good nature, by his address. That house never need fear interruption from free speech.

I meant too to notice a "Voice around the Jail." Wi'l next week.

From the Pathfinder.

The Christian Church and its Clergy.

The *Journal of Commerce*, during the last week, complained of an article in the Democratic Review, called "The Gallows and the Gospel." We shall not assume the defence of a writer so able to take care of himself; but we shall assert a fact, obscurely hinted at in that article,—which is, that a larger part of the old clergy are resisting, wittingly or unwittingly, our social and political amelioration.

De Tocqueville, in the first of his admirable volumes on America, observed that the conservatism of society here was to be found in the legal profession. There was some truth in the remark; for the inevitable aristocracy of men trained to the Common Law is a powerful counterpoise to the democratic tendencies of the people. But there is among us a mightier stationary force than that possessed by the lawyers, which Monsieur De Tocqueville failed to recognize and which we ourselves do not always appreciate. We mean the clergy of the old church. They are not only conservative in spirit, but are making themselves active obstacles in the way of genuinely useful and permanent reforms.—Christ designed his church to be the great regenerator of the world; his disciples, many of them, are converting it into a stumbling block to human advancement.—Christ was the greatest, as well as the noblest of reformers; his followers are becoming the narrowest of bigots and place-men.

No man can have looked, with any degree of closeness into the state of our religious sects, without discovering that they are getting empty of all true life. Their faith seems to have died out, or is giving place to a baneful counterfeit of superstition; their apparent vitality is spasmodic only, or the result of a mechanical galvanic action; they have ceased to effect large movements of good in the world; and the love of men, which is one of the two highest commands of the Master, and which once gave such fervent, undying energy to his primitive disciples, has wilted into a spurious and ineffective zeal. In proof of this, let us observe that there are two characteristics of modern benevolent exertion, which must strike every one as possessing the deepest significance. The first is, that the sympathy of the church proper seems to find its chief objects, in the *pays d'outre mer*, or regions beyond the sea, which is itself an evidence of a most dreadful want of a real hearty sympathy of any kind.—And the second fact, even more singular and ominous, is that enterprises undertaken at home, for the accomplishment of a present good—any vast social iniquity is to be suppressed,—when any important improvement in the condition of the poor is to be effected,—when savage and hurtful laws are to be softened and humanized,—the suggestion springs from, and the work is conducted by, persons acting in entire independence of the church organization.—Both of these facts are worthy of more than a moment's thought.

In the first place, then, of what sort is the philanthropy of the church? Why, it is of that kind which a recent foreign writer, likens to the good wife of Solomon, who "fetcheth her blood from afar." The law of its action reverses the law of the planetary movements, and increases with the square of the distance from its object. Its warmth, like the warmth of every moving body, is in porportion to its velocity, but velocity, it it will be remembered, accelerates only as the space passed over is enlarged. This philanthropy will have no love for an object before it, but it will have an immeasurable love for an object on the other side of the globe. Like good wine, it improves for having crossed the sea. A voyage to the Indies, or a doubling of the Capes, gives it a fine, smacking, pungent quality. The strength of its affections is a matter of latitude,—the intensity of its zeal must be measured from Greenwich. It acts upon the reasonable principl that the further it has to go for its gratification, the more need it has of haste; what is near can be had at any time. It finds this principle moreover an easy principle, for the humanity which concerns itself with domestic beneficiaries has some trouble, while that which goes abroad has only to pretend feeling and make long sermons.

Mr. Dickens, in his broad and irresistible way, has aptly ridiculed this charity, which confines its business to the export trade. His famous society, for supplying infant negroes with flannel waistcoats and moral pocket-handkerchiefs, is, unfortunately, no caricature. It is as we have remarked, the species of benevolence most in favor with the Christian church. Her charity neither begins at home nor ends at home, but is forever gadding about the world, like the honest Don, in quest of adventures. It will get up expeditions to the Sandwich Islands; it will encourage a most illiberal sense of the destitution of China; it will write tracts to show inevitably the Pagan world will sink into an endless hell; it will sacrifice some half a dozen harmless young men and women yearly, in planting Calvanism upon the pestilential coast of Africa; and it will undertake, with a most comfortable complacency, any impossible feat of religious Quixotism, from the christianization of a red Indian to the convertion of a globe. But it will give the blind eye to huge social evils, stinking in its very nostrils. It will compass sea and land to make one proselyte, while it hardly ventures from its well-cushioned seat to do good to a million of men. What is it doing for thousands of destitute and depraved in that city? What large, consistent plan, has it ever proposed, to remove their grinding miseries? What single great vice has it eradicated? What extensive or noted wrong has it redressed? what church, or what clergyman, has dared to raise his voice against the palpable fraud and iniquity of the banking-system? what church ever enforced its discipline against its speculating members—men who openly gamble for whole farms and villages? What church has rebuked slavery in those regions where it exists? What church is not opposed to the abolition of capital punishments, and other legal barbarisms? What church does not anathematize that portion of the democratic party which contends for progress and reform.

There is no answer for the church to give. The eye of its benevolence has been made to look through a moral telescope, which enables it to detect spots in the remotest planets, while it has looked at the leper-sores of the world around it with the instrument reversed. "In every age," says Benjamin Constant, "the priesthood have deprecated improvement, and even the hope of it."

In the second place, we said it was instructive to remark how society had instinctively attempted to make amends for deficiency of the church. By a silent, but almost universal consent, men have ceased to regard the church as a living agent. They will enter its portals on Sundays; they will suffer its candlesticks to distil wax into their ears; they will occasionally sleep through its prayer meetings, or open their eyes during a season of revival, as the phrase is, to close them the firmer afterwards; but no one thinks of asking its assistance in any important scheme of beneficence. When men would do some substantive present good, they erect a separate independent organization of their own—they step out of their churches into another and distinct sphere. A pertinent, no less than forcible exemplification of this truth, is afforded us in what is appropriately termed the Temperance reformation. From the day on which the first puritan set his foot on the coast at Plymouth until the day on which Father Miller announced the final conflagration, the clergy have preached and anathematized at will. The field has been all their own. Yet, in respect to the greatest of our national vices rum-drinking—they have literally accomplished nothing. A fierce tide of desolation was all the time sweeping over the land. But a few men, out of the church, saddened by its indifference or inefficiency, directed their practical understandings to an enquiry into the nature of the disease, and its remedy; and a few years have crowned their efforts with a remarkable success. The church has been thrown, high and dry, upon the sands of its barren theology, while Washingtonianism is rolling along, into the future, like a broad, bright stream.

As a social institution, the church is, thus far, a comparative failure. Whether this is to be ascribed, as some say, to the hireling priesthood, who preach as they are paid, or to defects or vices of doctrine, is not to be enquired of here. Let us, however, say, that it must not be charged upon the principles of Christ, upon which the church professes to rest. His principles are those of boundless, enduring, active love to man. They allow of no slumber—they are not compatible with indifference. The fault is in the church itself. It must awake from its lethargy, or the high moral position which it once held, will be taken away from it forever.

We speak not in anger, but in sorrow; not because we want sympathy with its lofty tone of morals, but because we cannot endure its supineness. Its doctrine and its discipline, we leave to the determination of its teachers, but of its practice we conceive ourselves able to judge. As a social institution the church is a lawful subject of criticism; therefore, we urge upon it, that it has come short of its high pretentions.

SLAVERY AND THE CONSTITUTION. The following is the provision of the Constitution under which the north is required to surrender up fugitive slaves.

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

That this provision is *legally* binding upon the north, in case of runaway slaves, though the term *slave* no where occurs in the instrument, there can be no doubt. Such unquestionably was the design of its authors, and in a mere *legal* point of view it is no easy matter to get away from it. By this, and this alone, the north are made to uphold slavery, so far as positive action is concerned. There are other ways in which they are compelled to support it indirectly, through the influence and policy of the slave-holding portion of the country, which belong to another branch of the great subject of slavery.

Upon the repeal of this article, the north should insist in the most positive manner.—The south claim the institution of slavery as a domestic institution, with which we of the north have nothing to do. Let them keep it a domestic institution—and keep it as best they may, without asking any aid of us. Proclaiming the right of liberty for every human being, for ourselves, let them not ask at our hands, if a brother escape from a thraldom infinitely worse than our fathers threw off, when they burst the "British yoke," to give them back to slavery. This is all we ask of the south in this matter—to be rid from the *legal* obligation to aid them in perpetuating a system, which we feel to be a damning plague-spot upon the country, and a curse to all the parties concerned—Let them relieve us from this, and then if they can longer chain their fellow men, let them do it, and bear the responsibility of it alone. And let them do it peaceably, and at once. If that course cannot secure them in their possessions, there is no other which can. For the fact can not be disguised, that there is growing up at the north, a feeling of determination to be rid of it, in some way or other—peaceably if they can. The constitution is a sacred instrument, and no ruthless hand should be laid upon it, but it cannot bind a people to commit a moral wrong. There is a law above the law of the constitution which it cannot annul—the everlasting law of justice—the law of God. It cannot, in these enlightened days and in this boasted land of freedom, compel men to do violence to the rights of their brethren. They will ask justice at the hands of the south—if that is not granted, there is no denying the fact that many good men at the north are ready to "count the worth of the Union," and whose reckoning will make it of little value, if it is to be maintained by fostering slavery.

Nashua Telegraph.

Kidnapping. Some seventeen citizens of Pope county, Illinois, offer a reward of one hundred dollars for the recovery of four negro children, who were carried off on the 1st of October.

Weekly List of Remittances.

Persis Eastman,	$1 00
Jehiel Claflin,	50
Joanna E. Brown,	50
John B. Chandler,	50
Benjamin Hazeltine,	1 00
P. P. Atkinson,	1 50
Jacob Cook,	1 50
B. F. Hutchinson,	1 50
Moses A. Cartland,	1 88
Richard Swanton,	1 50
Samuel Durgin,	50
Aris Marcy,	1 00
Ephraim Brown,	1 00
John Whitney, Jr.,	2 00
Reuben Loud,	2 00
W. H. Whittier,	3 00
Samuel Prescott,	75
Joshua Woodward,	3 62
Charles Russell,	1 00
Wm. C. Knowlton,	1 00
Wm. Norwood, Jr.,	1 00
Benj. Poole,	1 00
Samuel Watson,	3 00
Margaret Blydenburgh,	1 00

Annual Meeting.

The 9th Annual Meeting of the New Hampshire Anti Slavery Society will be holden at Concord on Wednesday, the 7th day of June next, at 10 o'clock forenoon, to continue three days.

Place of Meeting to be designated by the Committee. ALBE CADY, Rec. Sec'y.

May 10, 1843.

Poetry.

From the Emancipator.

THE FLEEING FUGITIVE'S SONG.

BY SAMUEL HALL.

TUNE—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

Ha! ha! ha! ha! we soon shall see
Which "*can* take care of self," sir,
FREE colored men, or whites LA-ZY
That *filch* from us our pelf, sir.

O, Canada's the refuge land,
There FREEDOM'S sun beams brightly;
Then trip along, go hand in hand,
You star will guide us rightly.

Set on your dogs, aye, bribe base men,
Rouse packs and praders quickly!
You'll never catch us back again,
Young, old, or strong, or sickly.

For Canada's the refuge land, &c.

No more you fasten on us strong,
Your yokes and fetters galling—
Gags, paddles, whips with stinging thong,
Thumb-screws and sore cat-hauling.

For Canada's the refuge land, &c.

Spoken—"I say, Jerry, I reckon missis will be mighty cross when she finds she's got to pull off them 'ere fine silks and satins, draw on the old washin' gown, and lay to her own old lazy bones to work."

"Yes, Sally, and massa, too, who has rolled in his easy chair these twenty-five years, that I've been workin' myself to death for—bein' whipped to the bone—my back "cut to mince meat," and seasoned with Cayanne pepper, every other week, at that.—And I'll tell you another thing, Sall—

The key of knowledge we shall find
When we get o'er Lake Erie;
Bogs, logs, swamps, forests never mind,
Push on and don't be weary.

O, Canada's the refuge land, &c.

Spoken—"Hush, Billy, my little fellow, don't cry; papa, and mamma, and little Julia, and all of us will soon be FREE in Canada!

We soon shall reach that happy goal,
We're now far through Ohio,
And HIRAM WILSON, noble soul,
On him we can rely, O.

For Canada's the refuge land, &c.

He goes around from house to house,
On foot (as we now) daily,
That he may gather up a purse,
To cheer our hearts so gaily.

For Canada's the refuge land, &c.

He aims to build the college up,
For all the colored people,
Where famished minds may dine and sup
Beneath its dome or steple.

O, Canada's the refuge land, &c.

There we MAY learn to read and write—
Geography and figures—
We'll soon show "massa" just how bright
Are his "Runaway Niggers."

For Canada's the refuge land, &c.

Spoken—"Jerry, what's that 'Merican Christians talk so much 'bout convertin' "the whole world," and "givin' away the Bible to everybody?" You know that brother Robert, before he run away from Virginny to Queen Victory, was permitted to give us a 'ligious talk sometimes, except by candle light, for we was all severely whipped if we attempted to pray and sing together arter dark; but they never let *him* learn to read out of that 'ere Bible what says, "Sarvants 'bey massa in all tings!" Dinah, too, that run away with him, got a terrible cuffin' and kickin' for 'tempting to spell out the top of that little paper which some one said was this, "What shall I do to be saved?"

"Well, Sally, it's just like dissolving sugar in water to get some sap to make sugar of. 'Merica is such a hard case of oppression and unrighteousness, I expect their plan is to convert the heathen that the latter may come *here* and preach the gospel as foreign missionaries, whenever the Lord shall throw "open the doors," as they say. Then 'ere Foreign Mission spetakals and Bible Society hoptics, I reckon, is just like that 'ere tellishim-scope old massa used to peek through Sabba' days, after he come home from preaching his sermon, to see if he could spy out Dinah or Robert on the mountain. You know, through one end things looked MIGHTY BIG, but though t'other they looked *mighty small*. So I 'spose they turn them spetakals t'other-side-to every time they look abroad and look at home. That's it, Sally, and so—

The mission heart of slavery-land
Throbs 'mazing hard for China;
But will not feel nor understand
The claims of Bob and Dinah.

O, Canada's the refuge land, &c.

Give THEM as well as Foreign Board,
Ye pastors, flocks, and deacons,
The gold and silver of the Lord,
For Wilson's mission beacon.

O, Canada's the refuge land, &c.

We've raised you cotton, sugar, rice,
Tobacco and molasses,
D'ye thrust us off now in a trice,
Like old worn out jack-asses?

Well, Canada's the refuge land, &c.

Yet, when the archangels flying come,
(Concerning stripes and labor,)
The JUDGE, perhaps, may give your doom,
"YE DID NOT LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR."

But Canada's the refuge land, &c.

RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE IN OHIO.—The judges of the Supreme Court, (Judge Reed dissenting,) have decided that all colored persons, who were not more than half black, were entitled, by the laws of Ohio, to the right of suffrage, and admission into common schools. The bill to nullify this decision—prohibiting the right of voting, and denying the benefit of common-school instruction to mulattoes—passed the legislature before its adjournment, and is now a law.

Miscellany.

A Beautiful Speech.

The Natchez Free Trader contains a speech of Col. COBB, the celebrated half-breed chief of the Choctaws, made in reply to J. J. McSAE, Esq., the agent for enrolling and emigrating the Indians to the west of the Mississippi, who made a speech to the Indians, about one thousand in number, assembled at Hopahka, informing them that "their council fires could no more be kindled here;" that "their warriors can have no field for their glory, and that their spirits will decay with them;" and that if they should "take the hand of their great father, the President, which is now offered them to lead them to their western homes, then will their hopes be higher, their destinies brighter."

The Natchez Courier appropriately says of this bit of eloquence, that, for comprehensiveness and brevity, for beauty of diction and force, for affecting sublimity and propriety of sentiment, we have never seen any production to exceed it. We publish it as a composition worthy to be preserved.—*Nat. Int.*

Speech of Col. Cobb, Head Mingo of the Choctaws east of the Mississippi, in reply to the Agent of the United States.

BROTHER: We have heard you talk as from the lips of our father, the great White Chief at Washington, and my people have called upon me to speak to you. The red man has no books, and when he wishes to make known his views, like his fathers before him, he speaks from his mouth. He is afraid of *writing*. When he *speaks* he knows what he says: the Great Spirit hears him. *Writing* is the invention of the pale faces; it gives birth to error and to feuds. The Great Spirit *talks*—we hear him in the thunder—in the rushing winds, and the mighty waters—but he never *writes*.

Brother: When you were young we were strong, we fought by your side; but our arms are now broken. You have grown large. My people have become small.

Brother: My voice is weak; you can scarcely hear me; it is not the shout of a warrior, but the wail of an infant. I have lost it in mourning over the misfortunes of my people. These are their graves, and in those aged pines you hear the ghosts of the departed. Their ashes are here and we have been left to protect them. Our warriors are nearly all gone to the far country west; but *here* are our dead. Shall we go too, and give their bones to the wolves;

Brother: Two sleeps have passed since we heard you talk. We have slept upon it. You ask us to leave our country, and tell us it is our Father's wish. We would not desire to displease our Father. We respect him, and you his child. But the Choctaw always thinks. We want *time* to answer.

Brother: Our hearts are full. Twelve winters ago our chiefs sold our country. Every warrior that you see here was opposed to the treaty. If the dead could have been counted, it could never have been made; but, alas! though they stood around they could not be seen or heard. Their tears came in the rain drops, and their voices in the wailing wind, but the pale faces knew it not and our land was taken away.

Brother: We do not complain. The Choctaw suffers, but never weeps. You have the strong arm, and we cannot resist. But the pale face worships the Great Spirit. So does the red man. The Great Spirit loves truth. When you took our country you promised us land. There is your promise in the book. Twelve times have the trees dropped their leaves, and yet we have received no land. Our houses have been taken from us. The white man's plough turns up the bones of our fathers. We dare not kindle our fires; and yet you said we might remain and you would give us land.

Brother: Is this *truth*? But we believe, now our Great Father knows our condition, he will listen to us. We are as mourning orphans in our country; but our Father will take us by the hand. When he fulfils his promise, we will answer his talk. He means well. We know it. But we cannot think now. Grief has made children of us. When our business is settled we shall be men again, and talk to our Great Father about what he has promised.

Brother: You stand in the mocasins of a great chief; you speak the words of a mighty nation, and your talk was long. My people are small; their shadow scarcely reaches to your knee; they are scattered and gone: when I shout I hear my voice in the depths of the woods, but no answering shout comes back. My words, therefore, are few. I have nothing more to say, but to tell what I have said to the tall chief of the pale faces whose brother stands by your side.

A JUST REBUKE.

We give below an extract from "Bannatyne's Address," —a temperance lecture delivered the last Summer in the city of Portland, and recently published. Its gifted author has since deceased.—There is a small class in our state to whom this rebuke will apply; we publish it in the hope that it may do them good, and win them over to the aid of the blessed cause of Total Abstinence.

"It must be admitted, then, that there was little toleration extended, in ancient times, to intemperance in any of its forms, especially when we remember that wines were the only intoxicating drinks in existence, and that the strongest wines then used, had probably less of the intoxicating principle than the weakest of those ambiguous potations which intemperance, in its present retreat, was so long, and still is so unwilling to relinquish, casting many a longing, lingering look behind, on mugs of cider, and pots of beer, not to talk of those Stygian mixtures, which modern ingenuity has dignified with the name of wine. I have no hesitation in believing that many—very many men, in the present day, who consider themselves exceedingly temperate, would come under the denunciations against intemperance with which the Jewish and the Christian Scriptures abound. And yet there are men, who to this day tell us, that temperance societies are not scriptural—that they are not sanctioned by the word of God, and therefore they are not right. I confess, I have little patience with such men as these, who plant the Bible as a bulwark against all the improvements of modern times—who oppose, at every step, the progress, both of scientific discovery and philanthropic enterprise, on the ground of some isolated passage, applicable to dispensations that have passed, and a state of society that no longer exists—hunting through Scripture for verbal and vapid objections against every new developement of social energies that threatens to disturb their torpid acquiescence in the optimism of the past, and peeping, with sinister eye, through the loop-holes of the sectarian watch towers, on every exhibition of broad and luminous evangelism, as if it were a hetrodox or heathenish apparition. It is in vain you ask these men, 'Is not temperance uniformly enjoined in Scripture?' Yes. 'Is not intemperance uniformly forbidden?' Yes. 'Is not the conduct of those who devoted themselves to total abstinence uniformly approved and recommended?' Yes. 'Did God ever forbid any to take a vow of total abstinence?' No, (except in the case of Timothy, which is not an exception). 'Did he ever *command* any one to take this vow?' Yes. 'Has not intemperance in modern times proceeded at such a rate as to threaten desolation to society?' Yes. 'Were not all other means, except total abstinence, found ineffectual?' Can that then, be now contrary to God's will, which he formerly approved, and which is found the only effectual means of extirpating an evil, against which he has expressed the severest reprobation, and which is opposed to all his schemes for the benefit of his creatures?' They cannot say nay to all this, but still it is not in the Bible. *Temperance Societies* are not in the Bible. 'To the law and the testimony,' cry they, 'we must abide by them, else there is no truth in us.' Yes, ye must abide by the Bible, and ye do *abide* by it, and so does the active philanthropist, but not as ye abide, by *standing still*, and looking backwards, and scowling at every onward movement in society that takes you from your repose. He *abides* by taking it along with him in the great career of Christian and godlike beneficence which it has pointed out. He abides by its precepts, its promises, and its hopes; and by so abiding, he is forever advancing from one good work to another—from triumph to triumph, and from glory to glory, as by the spirit of our God. *He* uses his religion as a principle of moral and spiritual locomotion—the great motive power of the moral world. *Ye* use it as a sort of Diogene's tub, where ye can sit and snarl at modern improvement and philanthropic effort, and all the mighty moral enginery, which Christian enterprise has brought to bear on the evils of society. It is a currish propensity which ye indulge, and had better be left to dogs that bay the moon, and bark at rail-road cars."

From the White Mountain Torrent.

To the Paper, "The White Mountain Torrent:"

Friend Printers:—You missed hearing from me last week, and may be would as lief this week—but I will take you as you say, and write a running line or two. I really wonder sometimes, as I ponder here among the mo[illegible], how such grand looking, beautiful built creatures as you mankind, down there on the flats of the Earth, could ever stoop so low as to get drunk. There is something about your shape and gait, when you *are* men, that makes me wonder you have not too much respect for yourselves, too much pride of person like, to mar your "forms and moving," with this staggering tipsiness. I have not your make. I am, as the Notch traveller knows, all mountain below the hair of my head—and my head itself—the animal part, as the *craniologer* would call it, the back part—is sheer ledge and mountain Rock,—and for the matter of that, all the rest of it, forehead, temples, features, all, is but rugged, ragged, separate and distant cliffs, showing as a face only in perspective. If you should balloon it up here, or charter the back of one of these Condors, that roost about the craigs of Darien Isthmus yonder, & mount to this height, and examine my face—you would find nothing of it but dispersed prominences of ragged granite—one here, and another a bow-shot off—some, hundreds of feet higher than the others, all about on the lone side of the mountain. To the traveller at the guide board, it all seems a face—seems *me*—a regular "Old Man." You would not suspect such a thing from where I am. Indeed I never suspected it myself. I had never a suspicion of my own existence here—visible, I mean, till I heard of myself by way of The Teamster. I knew I was,—and was hereabouts, but that I had a face, I did not dream. I have no looking glass but the heavens about me, and of course, couldn't get a glimpse at my own looks.

But I can descry your people below, and to my taste, you are creatures of vast beauty and majesty. And you have no idea of the wreck you show when you are drunk. No gallant ship keeled up on the sands—No tall Notch Birch—struck with lightning—(and they are taller here than any of your Norwegian Pines)—nothing, ever so disfigured, shows so wreck-like as a *drunken* MAN. I tell you, if you could appreciate your mere statures, your outer man, you would no more dishonor it by drinking, than a king would let a man finger the crown on his head, or a Lion let you touch his mane with a curry-comb. To say nothing of your other ingredients of high Humanity—your bare shape and looks is reason enough why you should rather die, than get drunk.—Look at the walk of a MAN—what a port he has,—how handy he turns his eye on the heavens, as if he was not born of the ground—and wanted it only to tread on, not to wallow in. See him step—"how express and admirable," as the Teamster says—and yet when he is drunk, there is not a four-footed beast roams the Notch—no, not one of the clumsier, beastlier creatures about your pens or barn yards, but has a comelier move than he. For God's sake, then—for you look like the kindred of God—beware how you profane that person of yours.

I would not put one of those smoking pipes into your mouths. They do not look right in a mouth that can *speak*. And tobacco-weed, I would not have that villainous *cud* about your eloquent upper lips, and your ivory teeth, and in the pathway of your breath. What ever put it into a man's head to run to that trick? What does he want of it? Is he hungry? Does he swallow it down? Horrible! Does it taste good—that he seems to love it so! Why, it would disfigure the chops of the Hippopotamus. Tell your "Torrent"-drinkers to cleanse their mouths and faces of it, if they have to hold them under its full cataract, a month upon the *stretch*. I would turn the whole Merrimack River through my mouth, as old Hercules did one through the stable he was doomed to shovel out. The relics of a regiment of horse—stabled all winter,—would not be such an appalling job to me to cleanse out, as the mouth of one of these old tobacco customers. I should let "The White Mountain Torrent" thro' it—full tide. Some of them snuff it up, too, into their noses. Another comely device. Can't they find anything sweeter to smell! Let them come up here into the Notch, and snuff these woods-flowers. Let them come, along in June, when the *May*-flowers are in blow. I tell you they would keep their noses for other uses than smelling pounded tobacco, after that. Let your "Torrent" into all the noses round, that are maltreated with this snuff. Wash it all away, rum, cuds, smokes, snuffs—all clean by the board—as a freshet does your mill dams—leaving hardly the spot where they stood.

I am your steady-headed,
pure-mouthed,
sweet-breath'd,
free-nosed
OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Franconia Notch, May 10, 1843.

A Good Omen.

Everybody knows how a drunken man used to be treated by the boys in the streets; he was mocked at, spit upon, and pelted with stones. The boys never thought of pitying him, but regarded him as the mark for merry-making. He went rolling through the streets, or perhaps made his bed in the gutter.

A few days since, I passed through a part of the town where such a spectacle had been not uncommon. A sailor, partly intoxicated, was striving to steady himself against a post; a group of boys were around him, some with their hands in their pockets and their caps thrown back, were eagerly talking; one was brushing the dirt from the inebriate's jacket; another was wiping the blood away from a slight scratch he had received on the cheek.

"Now you must—*won't* you?" cried one little fellow, looking up in his face.

"Oh, yes, indeed, I know he will; drinking is so wicked—it is sad to see him," said another. "Come, if you will, I will lead you home, and father will help you."

"I know he will!" exclaimed a third; "there comes Edward."

I looked in the direction of the boy's eyes, and saw a little fellow running with all his might towards them, bearing in his hand a roll of paper.

"Here it is; here's *the pledge*! 'tis the boy'pledge; now you must sign it, and never drink again."

"Yes" cried another, "and it's the very one that belongs to *our* temperance society, and we have all signed it," said the first boy, coaxingly.

The sailor looked around, bewildered. "What is it?," he hiccoughed out.

"Why, it's the pledge. We want you to sign it, and be a temperance man. We are sorry you drink, and we want you to leave off," said the boys, in an earnest, decided manner.

"Who be ye, who think of me, and care for me?" cried the sailor, beginning to comprehend the nature of the case. The tears rose to his eyes, and rolled down his weather-beaten face.

"Yes, he will sign it; he will, I know he will," shouted the children, exultingly.

"Yes, I will," said the sailor, "but take care of me till I get sober—kep me from land sharks. God bless ye—bless ye."

"Come, go with me?" cried one.

"No I'll take him with me" said a second.

He was led away by the little boy with the pledge, the rest of the children following, happy as could be, in the prospect of redeeming the poor man from the misery of intemperate habits.

I blessed the dear children in my heart, and prayed to God to bless their efforts—*Youth's Medallion.*

From the Temperance Journal.

Capital Punishment.

Let no one be surprised at my quoting choice poetry to mechanics. Servile boors may stare in amaze; but the *American* mechanic is no boor. Who shall dare to say that the poorest journeyman may not reach forth his hand in the garden of the muses? And who shall deny to the honest laborer the solace of doing good? It is the best work in the worst times. Help others, and you relieve yourself. Go out, and drive away the cloud from that distressed friend's brow, and you will return with a lighter heart. Take heed to the *little things*—the trifling, unobserved language or action—passing in a moment. A syllable may stab a blessed hope: a syllable may revive the dying. A frown may crush a gentle heart: the smile of forgiveness may relive from torture. He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.

A Boy reproved by a Bird.

When quite young, in my boyish days, I had watched some sparrows carrying materials to build their nests, under the eaves of a cottage adjoining our own, and although strict orders had been issued that none of us should climb up to the roofs of the houses, yet the birds eggs formed a temtation too powerful to be resisted and self-gratification was considered rather than obedience. A favorable opportunity presenting itself, the roof of the house was ascended, and not only was the nest pillaged, but seized, and carried away. It was soon stripped of its unnecessary appendages, that it might appear as neat as possible. Among the external thus removed, was a piece of paper which had been a page of one of Dr. Watts Hymn books, and which thrown away, had been taken by the poor bird, for the purpose of strengthening the nest or increasing the warmth. A word or two caught my eye, and I unfolded the paper. Need I say that, boy as I was, I read these verses with, to say the least, *curious* feelings?

"Why should I deprive my neighbor
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labor,
Not to plunder nor to steal.

"Guide my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine,
Lest I take what is not given,
Guide my hands and heart from sin."

Had the bird been able to read and reason, it could not have selected a text more appropriate for reproof and instruction than this. What was contrived and done "in secret," was thus condemned from the house-top. At all events, it can do your readers no harm to remind them that when they do wrong, God sees them; and can send them reproof even by means of a bird. I have not forgotten the lesson presented to me by the leaf of paper which had been fixed to the nest of a poor sparrow.—*London Youth's Magazine.*

A GLIMPSE OF SLAVERY.—Cassius M. Clay, in a recent letter, asks:

"Are our towns and cities to be yet more infested by lawless bands of robbers and ruffians who, (under the specious gard of police assistants, shamelessly assuming a name for doing that which impartial history proclaims that the wild savage of the woods would utterly abhor, in violation of the constitution and laws) spare from violence neither age nor sex, bond nor free, so that they be guilty of a partially colored skin—wreaking upon innocent women the infamous hate of repelled and unsatisfied lust, under the desecrated pretense of reforming the morals of the town? Shall the foundations, I will not say of society, but of imperative self-defense, be broken up, and Lynch law go unrebuked among us, under the false and infamous pretense that the laws are not sufficient protection for the citizens of Kentucky, a State that has, in days past, vaunted herself amidst this glorious Union, for chivalry and honor?

"If these are the legitimate results of slavery, are they so flattering to those who should imbibe inspiration from the glorious name and unspotted honor of their own native State, that their pride and self-complacency are gratified? Are they so precious in the eyes of a statesman, that he would have *more of it*?"

Rather Personal.—The N. Y. Organ tells the following:

"Why will you persist in giving my brother liquor?" said one rumseller, who had a drunken brother, to another, who furnished him rum. "Don't you sell to anybody's brother?" was the cool reply.

☞ *The cause of temperance is doing well in Pennsylvania.* **In Center County in one year, four distilleries and twenty liquor shops have been closed.**